A

LETTER

FROM A

GENTLEMAN in LONDON, &c.

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A

LETTER

FROM A

GENTLEMAN in LONDON, to his FRIEND in PENSYLVANIA;

WITH A

SATIRE;

CONTAINING

Some Characteriſtical STROKES

UPON THE

MANNERS and PRINCIPLES

OF THE

QUAKERS.

" In *more than civil War*, while Patriots ſtorm;
" While Genius is but cold, and Paſſion warm;
" While *public Good* aloft in Pomp they wield,
" Still *private Int'reſt* ſkulks behind the Shield." YOUNG.

LONDON:

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LETTER

FROM A

GENTLEMAN in LONDON, &c.

I Have very ſeldom, my dear Eugenio, troubled you with any thing in the political Strain; but, at preſent, both myſelf and my Friends are ſo much intereſted in the Politics of the Times, that I cannot help taking ſome Notice of them. The Behaviour of the *Penſylvanian* Aſſembly ſurpriſes all the World. Such ſtupid Obſtinacy was never before heard of! We are

aſtoniſhed to ſee ſuch violent Struggles for Power, made by a Set of Mortals, whoſe *unnatural Principles* were never calculated for the Support of the moſt ſimple Society, in any Period of Time but the promiſed Millenium. How ridiculous is it, to commit the Care of public Affairs to ſuch Men, whoſe fundamental Principles of Religion are diametrically oppoſite to the *firſt Principles* of Government!

We very well know, that there is no State in Nature in which a Man can ſubſiſt, without the guardian Principle of Self-Defence; and yet your ſtupid Aſſembly ſacrifice the Lives and Properties of their Fellow Subjects, to this ridiculous Principle of Non-Reſiſtance. A Principle which I am convinced the greater Part of them deſpiſe; and yet who can blame our prudent Friends, for their extraordinary Reluctance to lay aſide ſuch conſcientious Scruples in Religion, as have annexed to them many valuable Privileges in Government?

You have often urged me to ſpeak my Sentiments freely upon this Subject; and you muſt be well aſſured, that when I comply with your Requeſt, I ſhall not make uſe of the leaſt Reſerve. When I think of your preſent unhappy Situation, I am warmed with the moſt lively Reſentment; and, believe me, my dear *Eugenio*, from the moſt impartial Obſervation, I am led to attribute all the Calamities which you now ſuffer, to the ſcandalous Behaviour of your Repreſentatives. This has been very evidently proved by the ingenious Author of the *Brief State of Penſylvania*; and though he may be a little miſtaken in ſome few Particulars, yet has he too much Truth on his Side, to fear any Loſs of Reputation from the ſtupid, incorrect Anſwers which have been lately publiſhed. From an honeſt Detail of Matters of Fact, and the moſt convincing Arguments that can be brought, he expoſes the Conduct and Principles of the Quakers in ſo juſt a Light, that it is impoſſible for the moſt

Prejudiced, not to ſee the many ſhocking Inconſiſtencies both in the one and the other,

I aſſure you, the public Voice is loudly raiſed againſt the friendly Adminiſtration of your Province; and ſuch extraordinary Liberties do ſome few Particulars venture to take, that a very eminent Counſellor, pleading on behalf of Governor M** before the Lords of Trade and Plantations, dignified your pious Aſſembly with the Title of *traiterous Faction*.

What my private Sentiments are, you will very eaſily gather from the incloſed Satire; and you muſt believe, that I am not urged to cenſure with Severity a whole Society, by any perſonal Pique, or intereſted Motive.

You have frequently propoſed the Subject to me, and by the partial Compliments which your Friendſhip has always paid to the imperfect Productions of my Muſe,

Muſe, you have flattered me into my firſt ſatyrical Eſſay. You are, in fact, the Author of it, and therefore I have a Right to inſiſt upon the moſt friendly Criticiſm. I have no Time to finiſh it in ſo correct a manner as I could wiſh; and yet, unfiniſhed as it is, I dare ſay there are ſome whimſical Particularities of Sentiment and Expreſſion, which will afford you Entertainment.

I am always fond of paying a Compliment to your extraordinary Penetration, and I have now ſo inviting an Opportunity, that I cannot poſſibly neglect it. When I had the Pleaſure of receiving your laſt Favour, I read over your Conjectures concerning Mr. F**'s Voyage to *England*, without any great Attention. I regarded it as next to a Miracle, that a Man of his ſelfiſh Diſpoſition ſhould reſign his lucrative Poſts, without an immediate Proſpect of Advantage; and I naturally imagined, that one ſo much uſed to the Chicanery of the

the Law, would be ſo eccentric in his Motions, that it would be no eaſy Matter to gueſs which way his *Intereſt* would lead him. I was ever convinced, *that* would be his prevailing Motive; and I am now equally aſſured, that you are right in your Suppoſitions. I am now perfectly ſatisfied, that Mr. F** prudently reſigned his Offices, to avoid the Mortification of being turned out; and he has at laſt aſſumed the honourable Character of Champion for the Aſſembly, in hopes of re-eſtabliſhing himſelf through the Intereſt of the Quakers. He once was as fit a Party Tool as any upon the Continent; but he has now unhappily obtained *too much Reputation* to be of any great Service. If I am not greatly miſtaken, he has lately appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine, as an *artful Moderator*; and he there evidences ſo happy a Diſpoſition, as not to regard ſacrificing a little Truth, in order to palliate ſome aggravating Circumſtances. As he is not known in *London* ſo perfect-

ly

ly as I could wiſh him, he may perhaps have it in his Power to do a little Miſchief; yet I believe he will find ſome Perſons ready to prevent his doing a great deal, and (if it ſhould be neceſſary) to oblige the Public with his Picture. — Let me be ſo happy as to plead an effectual Excuſe for my late unpardonable Neglect, when I aſſure my dear Eugenio, that an Affair of the moſt ſerious Nature has employed my Thoughts; and that for the future he ſhall find a more punctual Correſpondent, in

His moſt affectionate Friend, &c.

London,
Feb. 1, 1756.

A SATIRE.

" When *ſuch* the Foe, a War eternal wage,
" 'Tis moſt Ill-nature to repreſs thy Rage;
" And if theſe Strains ſome nobler Muſe excite,
" I'll glory in the Verſe I did not write."

YOUNG.

BY Nature curious, indolent, and gay,
From Place to Place inquiſitive I ſtray;
Mark each peculiar Folly of the Age,
And hiſs the Actor from the crowded Stage;
With ſmiling Ridicule point Satire's Darts,
T' expoſe your Foibles, and to mend your Hearts;

To ſneer at Folly, laſh each reigning Vice,
Unmaſk the Hypocrite, auſterely nice;
Detect the Villain in his ſecret Way,
And all his dang'rous, ſubtle Schemes betray;
Search after Virtue in her baſhful Path,
Nor look for Honeſty in *F*****, or *B****;
Hunt after Modeſty with anxious Care,
And *wiſh* to find it in each charming Fair:
But oh! how vain my Wiſh, my Hopes how vain!
Excluded quite from all the courtly Train,
In private loſt, or publicly diſclaim'd,
Alike is *P***m* with *Murray* fam'd,
Alike the Counteſs and the public Whore,
To ſhamefac'd Modeſty pretend no more:
Baniſh'd to Country Villas, diſtant far,
It ſhines ſuperior like a blazing Star,
Its beaming Glories ſtrike each conſcious Soul,
And Love and Adoration ſtill controul:

In vain ſhall Malice try each ſpecious Art,
To vitiate Judgment, or corrupt the Heart,
To dim the Luſtre of her piercing Rays,
And ſnatch from Virtue reverential Praiſe;
Still ſhall ſhe reign each gen'rous Breaſt to warm,
And grace and animate *Caliſta*'s Form.
Here Panegyric ends her ſlender Train,
And Spleen muſt fill the Poet's Pen again;
For Satire's Quills are ever dip'd in Gall,
And Juſtice ſtill directs her Laſh to all;
Strikes ev'ry Stroke where Infamy's the Mark,
And drags *religious Owls* from out the Dark;
Gently diffuſes Reaſon's *hated Light*,
And ſtrives to place each headſtrong Bigot right;
Shews the Enthuſiaſt, in ſpite of Pride,
That Pow'r which ought to be his only Guide,
That nat'ral Reaſon which they all deride;

Points out with Candor, to impartial Eyes,
What Errors ſtill from Obſtinacy riſe;
What fatal Miſchiefs deſolate the Land,
Where Pride and Superſtition bear Command,
Where Saints conduct Things human and divine,
Storm in the Senate, and in Meeting whine.
From *Heav'n* or *Fox* their Principles receiv'd,
And ſtill by all the pious Herd believ'd:
Like ſtubborn Mules they trot a ſtated Pace,
And oft want Honeſty, tho' ſeldom *Grace*;
Capricious Whims for true Religion paſs,
And Pride inſpires this ſelf-conceited Claſs.
Fix'd in Opinion, ſtedfaſt in the *Right*,
Safely directed by their *heav'nly Light*;
They'll brow-beat Reaſon with this *myſtic Pow'r*,
And boaſt it's Guidance in the dang'rous Hour;
To them alone, the Favourites of Heav'n;
This happy Inſpiration firſt was giv'n;

Illum'd

Illum'd with this, they need no other Guide,
By Nature bleſs'd with Ignorance and Pride.
In vain we ſtill may plead for Self-Defence,
They will not yet be Slaves to Common Senſe;
Still they purſue a pious Madman's Rules,
And muſt be *Villains* if they are not *Fools*:
In Faith and Int'reſt bigotted alike,
In vain each tender Sentiment may ſtrike;
In vain attempt to touch their *Iron Souls*,
Which baſeſt Pride, or Avarice controuls.
Convince a Friend againſt his ſtubborn Will,
And he'll enjoy his fix'd Opinion ſtill:
Body and Soul of like Materials made,
To mean Compliance never yet betray'd,
Both form'd alike, both regularly bent,
To ſerve one fix'd one *favourite Intent*.
In vain he ſtrives againſt the rapid Stream,
Who labours to correct each mad Extreme;

Ground-

Groundleſs his Hopes who vainly thinks to bend,
The Neck or Judgment of a rigid Friend.
Foes to Decorum, inſolently rude,
They ev'ry ſocial, civil Form exclude;
Mechanically grave, important Looks
Speak more expreſſive than the Sibyl's Books;
Some, learn'd in Fate, prophetically nod,
And act the Prieſteſs of the Delphian God;
* *Predictions ſure* on ev'ry Accent hung,
And heav'nly Truths are whin'd from ev'ry Tongue;
From Inſpiration ev'ry canting Knave
Boaſts an Authority to damn or ſave;
And yet this hardy Maxim I've profeſs'd,
Where one's *inſpir'd*, a hundred are *poſſeſs'd*.

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* Some of the moſt induſtrious Quaker Preachers, have lately introduced into the Trade of Religion, the Art and Myſtery of Propheſying.

When

When Juſtice ſtretch'd her perſecuting Hand,
To drive theſe Madmen from her native Land;
In vain her iron Rod ſeverely fell,
Their Souls by Nature faſhion'd to rebel;
Still wou'd maintain in Law, in Juſtice ſpite,
What ev'ry Blockhead thinks muſt needs be right.
Trod down in vain, like Camomile they roſe,
And Folly once beneath Oppreſſion grows;
Rank Folly grew, by Obſtinacy nurs'd,
And ev'ry Climate with her Offspring curs'd;
Th' infectious Madneſs through the World was
ſpread,
And black Hypocriſy uprear'd her Head;
Juſtice and Pow'r unequal Combat wage,
To check the Follies of that vicious Age;
To curb the Villain, to correct the Fool,
And ſquare each Act by Reaſon's *ſacred Rule.*

In

In vain did ſtern Authority oppoſe,
The *Hydra Monſter* ſtill ſuperior roſe;
It's ſeven-fold Head with *grim Religion* veil'd,
O'er Juſtice, Policy, and Truth prevail'd.
With doleful Sighs, each whining Friend relates
Poor *Fox*'s Suff'rings, and the Martyr's Fates;
At Perſecution ev'ry † Writer rails,
And tells of *Mary Dyer* diſmal Tales;
With zealous Horror ev'ry Breaſt inſpires,
And lights up Diſcord's ſelf-conſuming Fires.
Fell Diſcord now infects the madding Crowd,
And brawling Faction thunders it aloud:
From Heav'n commiſſion'd, ev'ry Fool may teach
As well ſound Politics as Goſpel preach;

† One *Beſt* has lately publiſhed two Folio Volumes, giving a very circumſtantial and affecting Account of the Calamities and Sufferings of the People called *Quakers*, for their peaceable Teſtimony.

Each

Each Saint ‡ in Petticoats foretells our Fate,
And fain wou'd guide the giddy Helm of State;
Theſe fair Apoſtles ſound the heav'nly Lyre,
And warm our Souls with true religious Fire;
They form the Notions of the ſenſeleſs Crew,
And preach Damnation to the thinking Few;
They urge what Glory from Oppreſſion ſprings,
What *Incenſe* offer'd to the KING of KINGS.
" How great the Deed, how glorioufly great,
" To meet intrepid, or provoke our Fate!
" Th' aſtoniſh'd World ſhall pay us forc'd Ap-
" plauſe,
" To ſee us ſuffer in ſo juſt a Cauſe.

‡ Some Female Preachers lately ſtickled very hard to be admitted into Meetings of Buſineſs, but unluckily fail'd, though ſtrongly ſupported by the Apron-ſtring Party.—Two of them were ſome Time ago commiſſion'd for the Province of *Penſylvania*, where they have not only preach'd up common-place Goſpel, but even thundered forth moſt dreadful Predictions.

" Why ſhould we wiſh the Rage of War to ceaſe?
" Our Glory muſt with Miſery increaſe.
" Thoſe tender Souls we ſtill unmov'd deride,
" Who never knew true *apathetic Pride*:
" We ſee the providential Hand of God,
" We feel and kiſs the juſt correcting Rod,
" Th' avenging Stroke with Reſignation bear,
" § *Religious Liberty* our only Care.
" This *ſpecious Liberty* our Pow'r ſuſtains;
" This *Pow'r* itſelf is worth our greateſt Pains.
" Let Thouſands periſh by litigious Jars,
" Still firmly we'll oppoſe politic Wars;
" Our Pleas of Conſcience quit by no Pretence,
" And rail at Principles of Self-Defence;

§ A Petition was lately preſented to the Aſſembly of the Province of *Penſylvania*, by ſome of the principal *Quakers*, exhorting their Brethren and Repreſentatives to regard their *profeſs'd Principles*, and to take a proper Care of their *religious Liberties*.

" Let

" Let others labour in the bloody Field,
" Faith is our Buckler, Virtue is our Shield."
Here ſpoke the Voice of Folly, or of Art,
And thus each Fool or Villain acts his Part.
But ſay, my Friend! had Juſtice not been blind,
Shou'd we this pow'rful *Pride-ſwoln Monſter* find?
Had *Penſylvania* mourn'd the fatal Hour,
When Pride and Folly ſeiz'd deſtructive Pow'r?
Say, is it Policy, or Common Senſe,
To think of Government without Defence?
Say, has not Nature on your Souls impreſs'd,
The firſt-felt Motive in each human Breaſt?
Has ſhe not ting'd your flinty Hearts with Fear,
Or robb'd Compaſſion of a liſt'ning Ear?
The very Bears their fellow Brutes protect,
While you the Voice of Miſery neglect;
In vain, alas! its melting Tale's addreſs'd,
To raiſe a Paſſion Nature ne'er impreſs'd;

In vain ſoft Pity for Admiſſion pleads,
A baſer Motive to it's Place ſucceeds;
And o'er the Whole theſe ruling Pow'rs preſide,
The *worſt Ambition*, and the *meaneſt Pride*.
Tell me, thou Leader of this heav'nly Crew!
What Motives biaſs ſuch a Man as you?
Does curs'd Self-Int'reſt lurk within your Soul,
To urge on Faction, and it's Voice controul?
Or does ſome ſecret Malady impart
Such paſſive Notions to an honeſt Heart?
Maxims productive of eternal Strife,
Fatal to private, and to ſocial Life;
For all the Bleſſings of eſtabliſh'd Laws,
Have *Self-Defence* their firſt, ſole *moving Cauſe*.
What ſaves each Creature in a ſingle State?
What ſtands Protector of each Country's Fate?
What hangs the Murd'rer, or the Thief deſtroys?
What crowns with Safety your domeſtic Joys?

The

The very Principle you now depreſs,
The ſelf-ſame Maxim that your Hearts confeſs.
Cou'd you but people all the World with Friends,
Your Syſtem wou'd produce it's *fav'rite Ends*;
But ſince Mankind, ſo ſtupidly perverſe,
Will ev'ry pious Fraud and Scheme traverſe,
Let hard Neceſſity effectual plead,
And ſhut the Stable ere you loſe the Steed.
Prudence in vain, and *pow'rful Int'reſt ſue*,
(The ſtrongeſt Motives in a Herd like you!)
Yet theſe Conſiderations *muſt* ſucceed,
" Your Wives, your Children, nay *your Fortunes*
" *bleed*."
Vainly, alas! with Obſtinacy bleſt,
No tender Feelings on their Hearts impreſs'd,
They ſtill retain the *baneful Luſt* of Pow'r,
And Heav'n muſt guard them in the fatal Hour.

If

If, urg'd by Fear, they meanly condeſcend,
'Tis ſtill by halves, and ſerves no uſeful End:
They'll hurt no Conſciences——they'll ſpill no Blood—
* Each Man may fight, to whom it ſeemeth good;
They'll uſe no Force, but with a pious Nod,
Let others war, while they depend on God;
By Inſpiration they will guide the State,
And ſit at Home, the Guardians of its Fate.
Cou'd their *Lycurgus* †, pious *Penn*, ariſe,
And ſee where Diſcord through his Province flies;
Cou'd he but view his Country drown'd in Blood,
His Subjects butcher'd by a barb'rous Brood;

* Theſe Words (or Words to this Purpoſe) uſed in the Preamble of a late Act of Aſſembly called, *a Militia Law*; but what in Reality is ſuch a Law as can never anſwer any one of the good Purpoſes for which it ought to have been calculated?

† The Baron *Monteſquieu*, in his *Eſprit des Loix*, ſays, *Monſieur* Penn *eſt un veritable Lycurgus*.

His

His Towns, his Villages, his Lands deſtroy'd,
Where ſmiling Peace is now no more enjoy'd,
He'd own from *Int'reſt*, and from Common Senſe,
There is no Government without Defence.

F I N I S.